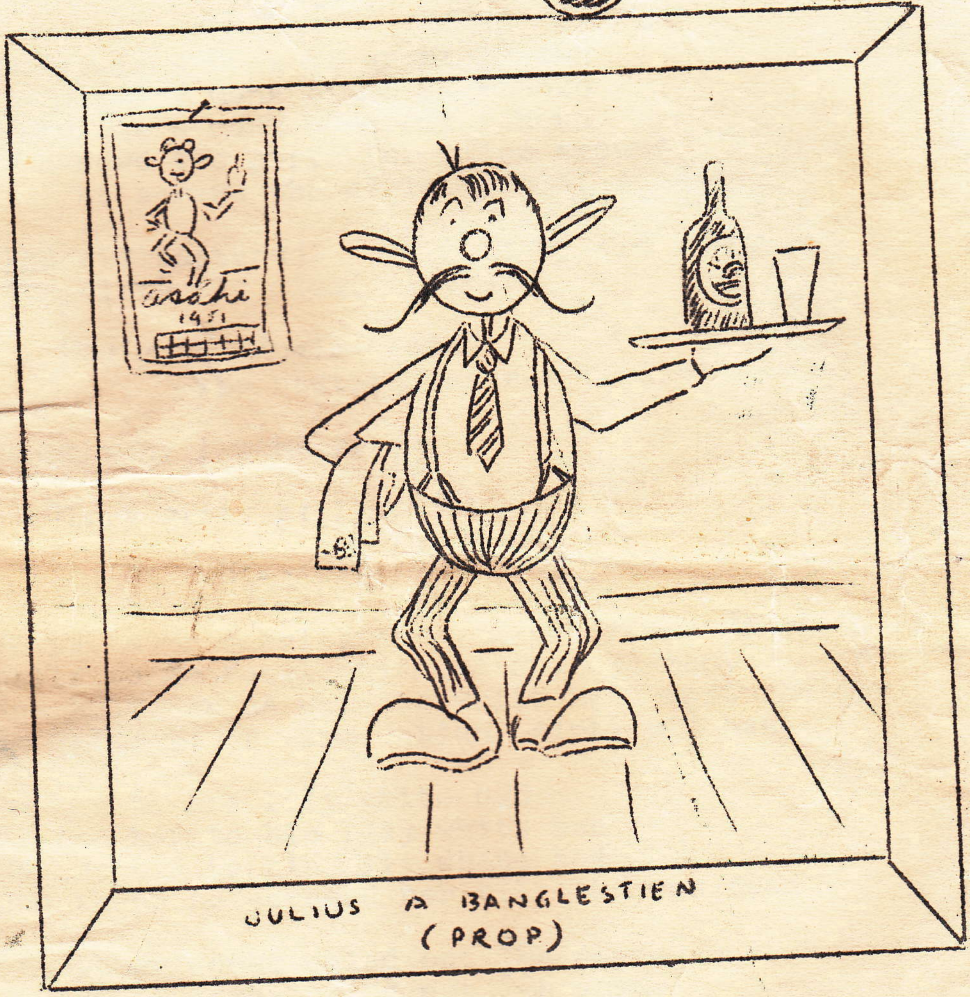
IN KOREA THEY SAY:

뱅그레스틴스 바

BUT WHEREVER YOU GO IT'S

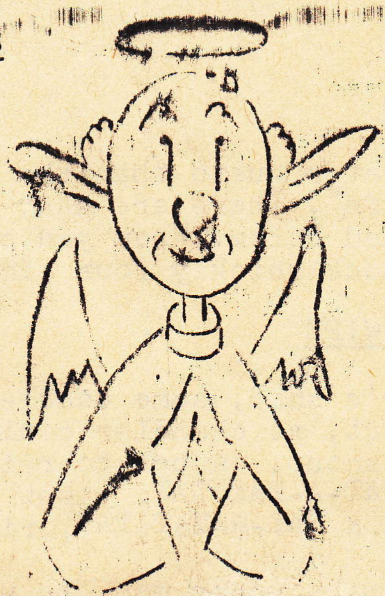
BANGLESTIEN'S BAR



featuring the

"Songs of Banglestiens"

SONGS OF BANGLESTIEN'S



B A L L S T O M R B A N G L E S T I E N

1. There was a Monk of great renown
There was a monk of great renown
There was a monk of great renown
He screwd the girls for miles around
He screwd the girls for miles around.

Chorus! The old bastard! The dirty old sod!
The dirty old dickie lisker.

Fugim! Fugim again!
The bastard deseres to die!

Brethren, let us pray:

Glory glory hallelulia.

Singing:

Balls to Mr Banglestien, Banglestien, Banglestien
Balls to Mr Banglestien, dirty old man.
Now he keeps us waiting while he's masterbating
So balls to Mr Banglestien, dirty old man.

2. He led her to his lily white bed
He led her to his lily white bed
He led her to his lily white bed
And there he screwed her till she was dead

3. The other monks cried out "Oh shame"
The other monks cried out "Oh shame"
The other monks cried out "Oh shame"
And then they went and did the same.

4. Now this monk died and went to hell
Now this monk died and went to hell
Now this monk died and went to hell
And there he buggered the devil as well!

(About all we can say about the tune is that the chorus follows O Gu lieber augustine for the balls to Mr Banglestien part while the rest is a sort of chant. For the most part it takes a very serious and classical tune. If you don't know it, try one out. It's probably better than the one we use.)

* *

THE SONGS OF BANGLESTIEN'S

(No song is sung with greater gusto than the ancient British ballad about the "Chandler's Wife". There are many versions of this old favourite. Two are printed below. When you come to the Rat-a-tat tat part, everyone should knock quickly four times.)

THE CHANDLER'S WIFE

A man went into a chandler's shop, some candles for to buy
He looked all around him but, no chandler could he spy.
So he let out a hell of a shout, enough to raise the dead,
When he suddenly heard a RAT-A-TAT TAT, right above his head.
    Yes he suddenly heard a RAT-A-TAT TAT, right above his head.

Now this young man was a brave young man, so up the stairs he sped.
Very surprised was he to find the chandler's wife in bed.
With her was a soldier of a very considerable size
And they were having a RAT A TAT TAT, right before his eyes
    And they were having a RAT A TAT TAT, right before his eyes.

Now when the fun was over and done, the lady raised her head.
Very surprised was she to find the young man by her bed.
(Falsetto) "If you will keep my secret, sir, if you will be so kind,
You can always come up for a RAT A TAT TAT, whenever you feel inclined"
    He can always go up for a RAT A TAT TAT whenever he feels inclined.

Now married men take my advice and when you go to town
Never leave your wife behind unless you tie her down.
You never know what thoughts may lie, deep down in her beautiful mind
For she may be having a RAT A TAT TAT, whenever she feels inclined.
    Yes she may be having a RAT A TAT TAT whenever she feels inclined.

VERSION NUMBER TWO

The butcher boy went into a shop some candles for to buy
He looked all around him but no chandler did he spy
Just as he was about to shout enough to waken the dead
He suddenly heard a RAT A TAT TAT right above his head
    He suddenly heard a RAT A TAT TAT right above his head.

Now a curious boy was the butcher boy so up the stairs he sped
Imagine his surprise to find the chandler's wife in bed.
With her was the baker's boy and much to his dismay
They were having a RAT A TAT TAT in the middle of the day.
    They were having a RAT A TAT TAT in the middle of the day.

Now when the fun was over and done the lady raised her head.
Very surprised was she to find the butcher's boy by her bed.
"If you will keep my secret, boy," thus spake the chandler's wife,
"You can come up for a RAT A TAT TAT, every day of your life."
    He can go up for a RAT A TAT TAT, every day of his life.

The butcher's boy was happy indeed, in fact as pleased as Punch,
So back to the chandler's shop he went the next day after lunch.
The chandler's wife was as good as her word, and he was heard to say
I'm going to have a RAT A TAT TAT, every single day.
    He's going to have a RAT A TAT TAT, every single day.

The next few days went gaily by. Each day he did the trick,
Until one morn he chanced to see a sore on the end of his prick.
So after work that very day, he rushed to see the Doc,
Who said "That's the end of your RAT A TAT TAT-
    I'm going to cut off your cock!"
He said "That's the end of your RAT A TAT TAT-
    I'M going to cut off your cock!"

ON THE STREET OF THE NINE BLACK BASTARDS

On the street of the nine Black Bastards
'neath the sign of the Swinging Tit
Dwelt a slant-eyed Chinese maiden
By the name of Hoo Flung Shit
She stands in celestial splendour
With eyes like pools of piss
And she works herself off with a candle
In oriental bliss.
She dreams of her loves on Broadway
She dreams of her loves on Bow
She dreams of the score she's laid on the floor
Then in walks Wun Hung Lo.
"Fly into my arms thou bag of shit"
Yells he with his tool in his hands,
"My love for you will last as long
As the snows on the desert sands."
She gently raised her starboard tit
While she scratched her itchy pratt
She looked at him with a half-asses grin
And said "Go fuck your hat."
Then his anger overcame him
And he pounded upon the wall
And he took that hat and he fucked that hat
While he tramped on his one good ball.

On the Street of the Nine Black Bastards
'Neath the sign of the **Pregnant Cat**
They buried him in splendour
As the man who fucked his hat! (Omar Cayenne)

* *

THE PARTS OF A WOMAN

The parts of a woman which appeal to man's depravity
Are constructed with considerable care
And what at first appears to be just a simple cavity
Is really an elaborate affair.
For doctors of distinction have examined these phenomena
On dozens of experimental dames
And classified the things they saw in feminine abdomina
And given them delightful Latin names.
There's the vulva and Vagina and the little perineum
And the hymen which is seldom found in brides,
Oh! and lots of other little gadgets which would amuse if you could see them
Such as the clitoris and many more besides.
How is it then, that when we vulgar mortals chatter
Of the wonders to which I have referred
That to name such a delicate and complicated matter
We use such a short and unattractive little word.

(A.P.Herbert?)

* *

The Bee is such a busy soul
He has no time for birth control
And that is why in times like these
There are so many sons of Bees.

Shakespear

THE ONE-EYED RILEY

I went to work upon a farm
Shovelling shit and carrying water
Suddenly a thought came into my mind
"Why not shag old Riley's daughter"

Chorus

Id-ee-i id-ee-i id-ee-i-o
Id-ee-i-o for the one eyed Riley
Rub a dub dub, balls and all
Jiggy jig jig tres bon.

So up the stairs and into bed
Quickly I cocked my right leg over
Not a word the maiden said
But she laughed like hell when the
fun was over

Chorus

I heard two footsteps on the stairs
Who could it be but the one eyed
Riley
Two horse pistols in his hand
Looking for the man who shagged his
daughter

Chorus

I shoved the bastard down the stairs
Ass over kettle in a pail of water
Shoved his pistols up his ass
Damn sight faster than I shagged
his daughter

Chorus:

(If you don't mind an aria from
an opera try this one....it goes
to the tune of "Finiculee-Finicula)

Oh ME, I pulla da pud
It does me good. It does me good.
Oh ME, I pulla da pud
It does me good. I knew it would.
I knew it would.

Slosh it, bosh it kosh it on the floor,
Slash it bash it, flash it through
the door, the door,
the door the door, the doooooooor

Some folks stick to buggery and
some think fuckings good,
But for personal enjoyment
I prefer to pulla da pud.'

This is a poem written by a contemptable
of Wordsworth's.

(1)

Up in belfry verger stands
Pullin' puddin' wi' both 'ands
Down in vestry Bishops yells
STOP PULLIN' PUD, PULL FUCKIN' BELLS!

FRIGGIN' IN THE RIGGIN'

'Twas on the good ship Venus
My Gawd you should have seen us
A whore in bed, our figurehead
Our mast a rampant penus.

Chorus:
Friggin' in the riggin' HOY!
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the Riggin' HOY!
Cause there's fuckall else
to do.

The Captain's name was Morgan
He was a sexual gorgon
He stay in bed all day and play
Upon his sexual organ.

Chorus

The Captain's sister Mable
Whenever she was able
Would fornicate the second Mate
Upon the galley table.

Chorus

The cabin boy young Kipper
He was an awful nipper
He filled his ass with broken
glass
And circumcised the skipper.

Chorus

The Captain had a daughter
Who jumped into the water
Delighted squeals revealed that
eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

Chorus

---

(2)

'Andsome butler, winsome cook
Out in pantry 'avin' fook
Voice o' mistress sudden peals
'STOP FOOKIN' COOK, COOK FOOKIN'
MEALS.'

(3)

Liner in mid ocean stood
Stoker busy pullin' pud
Down from bridge comes Capt-
ain's scream
"STOP PULLIN' PUD, GET UP SOME
STEAM!"

(4)

Train on trestle, bridge afire
Engineer apullin' wire
From caboose comes the train-
man's shout,
"GO PULL YOU WIRE, I'M BAILIN'
OUT!"

THE MORAL BOOSTER

(this is a composite letter composed by a group of soldiers in Korea including many typical remarks passed by friends at home in their very cheering and helpful letters. We think it's a masterpiece.)

Dear Jack:

Nothing much doing around here. I sure envy you out there in Korea in the thick of things. Bet you never have a dull moment.

I was out to see you wife last night and read a lot of your letters. They're a little mushy, but I don't blame you. Frances is such a swell girl, wonderful figure, personallity and the guys still whistle at her when she walks down the street.

Your brother-in-law Smedley was there. He was wearing that new brown suit you bought just before you left. Frances gave it to him, figured it would be out of style by the time you got back. Several other couples dropped in and we killed five cases of beer. We all wanted to chip in and pay for it but Frances wouldn't let us. Said you always sent her and extra $10 or $20 to spend as she pleased. She also gave me two of those five dollar ties of yours, they're the classiest I ever owned. One of the guys is going to buy your new set of golf clubs too. He offered $25 for them and is going to pick them up to-morrow.

Well Frances was sure the life of the party. I thought she'd be a little shaken up after the car accident last week with the Chevvy but you'd never know she was in a head on collision and smashed your car to bits. The other driver is threatening to sue. He's still in hospital. Too bad Frances forgot to pay the insurance, but the funny thing is, she's not a bit worried. We all admire her nonchahance, and especially her being willing to mortgage the house to pay the bill. Good thing you gave her a power of attorney before you left.

To get back to the party, you should have seen Frances do her imitation of Gypsy Rose Lee. She's really a card. Still full of pep and energy. She was still going strong when we said goodnight to her and Claude. Guess you know Claude is now rooming at the house. It's nearer his work and he says it saves a lot on gas and lunches.

He says Frances can cook bacon and eggs the best in the world and really do things to a steak. You don't have to worry about her and her ration points because Claude knows a butcher down the street, cousin of the guy he gets his gas coupons from.

Nothing much new with me except the wife got a raise at the cannery. $85 a week, so with the $60 I get at the office we're OK. It's getting late now so I better stop. I can see across the lawn onto your front porch. Frances and Claude are having a night cap. He's wearing that smoking jacket you always wore so much.

Well chum - I sure wish I could be over there with you. Give those Korean Commies hell!

Your pal

(Yessir, there's nuttin' like a pal! Except mebbe a dame?)

SUKAHACHEE AND POMPOM AND KOREAN SAKI

(tune of Cigarrettes and Whiskey)

I enlisted last August to come to this place
With a resolute heart and a smile on my face
But now that I've been here six months I'll tell you
Of pompom and saki and what it will do.

Chorus Sukahachee and pompom and Korean saki
They'll drive you carazy they'll drive you insane
Sucahachee and pompom and Korean saki
They'll drive you crazy they'll drive you insane.

It all started back at a place called Miryang
We were CB'd and bored so I went with the gang
We jumped camp and went to a house of ill-fame
Where with women we drank and we learned a new game:
Chorus
Now I once was a clean cut Canadian lad
If my morales weren't good they weren't really too bad
Now the lines on my face make a well written page
My hair's falling out and I look twice my age.
Chorus
Those nights on the hills they were colder than ice
So some canned heat they gave us and we thought it was nice
We squeezed it and boiled it and drank it with glee
Worse by far than the pompom and Korean saki.
Chorus
There on the cross at the head of my grave
"For pompom and saki here lies a poor slave."
Take warning O soldier take warning old man,
Stay away from Korea as long as you can.

* *

Of all the songs emerging from World War II the finest was the haunting and ubiquitous Lili Marlene. Captured and re-captured virtually hundreds of versions exist. The most common is this one:

LILI MARLENE

Underneath the lantern by the barrack gate
Darling I remember the way you used to wait
'Twas there that you whispered tenderly,
That you loved me, You'd always be
My Lili of the Lamplight
My own Lili Marlene.

Orders came for sailing somewhere over there
All confined to barracks,'twas more than I could bear
I knew you were waiting in the street,
I heard your feet, but could not meet
My Lili of the lamplight, my own Lili Marlene.

Resting in a billet just behind the line
Even though we're parted, your lips are close to mine.
You wait where the lantern softly gleams
Your fair face seems, to haunt my dreams
My Lili of the lamplight, my own Lili Marlene:

It's a well known fact that GOOD songs (i.e. the kind of songs MEN sing when they're trying to forget the distance between themselves and the women they wish they were loving) have very little meaning when written down in black and white. This next one is a fine example. It means absolutely nothing, but is good fun to sing. It's one of those progressive songs. Take one step forward, then do it in reverse and then go forward again. The only "singable"part is the long and fluttery "AY*ayyyyyyyy-ah-long" at the beginning of each chorus. The rest is a chant but emphasized in tone and action. Confusing? Drink half a crock of gin and then try it. Pause well between each word!

Say: Long!
A long.

sing AYAYYYYYYYYYYY Long!

*(This song is the product of a curry dinner, many drinks and a visit from some gentlemen from the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, kilts an'a')

Say Strong!
Long strong!
A long strong!

Sing AYAYYYYYYAY long strong!

Say Black!
Strong black!
Long strong black!
A long strong black!
Sing AYAYAYYYYYYLong strong black!

Say Pudding!
Black pudding.
Strong black pudding.
Long strong black pudding.
A Long strong black pudding!
Sing AYAYAYYYYYYY Long strong black pudding.

(get the idea? Then keep it up)

A long strong black pudding
up
my
sister
Fannie's
Cat
twice
weekly!

(If you still can't figure it out finish off the bottle of gin and try the next one)

****

__I'LL SING YOU ONE-OH__
Or
__Green Grow the Rushes-O__

(Again sing the first verse complete, then the second adding the first to it and so on until you sing all 12 in reverse order, that is (put down the crock) 12-11-10½(oops) 9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-got it?)

I'll sing you one-O, Green grow the rushes-O, What is your one-O?
One is one and all alone and evermore shall be so.
I'll sing you two-O. Green grow the rushes -O What is your two-O?
Two,two the lily white boys, clothed all in green-o.One is one and all alone and evermore shall be so. (Get it?
I'll sing you three-O Green grow the rushes O. What is your three O?
Three three the rivals. Two two, etc.
Four for the [illegible] gospel makers
Five for the [illegible] symbols at your door,
Six for the six proud walkers
Seven for the seven stars in the sky
Eight for the April rainers.
Nine for the nine bright shiners
Ten for the ten commandments
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven
Twelve for the twelve apostles.

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HARBOUR GRACE

Harbour Grace an' Carbonierre
Take I dere Lord, Take I dere.
O my eyeballs dey get sluice
When I t'inks I sees de Bruce.
Harbour Grace and Carbonierre,
Oh Lard Jaysus, take I dere.

(The above song is much like a negro spiritual. It is the song of the homesick Newfoundlander. The two towns are in Newfey and the "Bruce" is the boat which plies between Newfoundland and the mainland. It has a haunting melody somewhat in rythm with the giant rollers of the Atlantic coast.)

****

TIPPERARY

It's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go
It's a long way to Tipperary
And the sweetest girl I know
Goodbye Piccadilly
Farewell, Leicester Square
It's a long long way to Tipperary
But my heart's right there.

C'est un chemin long 'to Tepararee'
C'est un chemin long, c'est vrai;
c'est un chemin long 'to Tepararee'
Et la belle fille qu'je connais.
Bonjour, Peekadeely!
Au revoir, Lestaire Squaire!
C'est un chemin long 'to Tepararee'
Mais mon coeur 'ees zaire'.

It's a long way to Tipperary
(Which means "'ome" anywhere)
It's a long way to Tipperary
(An' the things wot make you care)
Goodbye Piccadilly
('Ow I 'opes my folks is well)
It's a long long way to Tipperary
(AR! Ain't War just 'ell?)

Robert Service version

****

ALOUETTE

Alouette gentille Alouette
Alouette je te plumerai
Je te plumerai la tete (head)
Je te plumerai la tete
Et la tete, et la tete
Alouette.......Ah!
Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerais.

Et le bec (nose)
Et les yeux (eyes)
Et le dos (back)
Et le pattes (feet)

I BELONG TO GLASGOW

I belong to Glasgow
Dear old Glasgow town
What's the matter with Glasgow
For it's going round an' round
I'm only a common old workin' chap
As everyone here can see
But when I get a couple o' drinks
on a Saturday,
Glasgow belongs to me!

****

THE END OF THE ROAD

Every road through life is a long long road
'till your joys an' sorrows end
Though the way be long let your heart be strong
Keep right on to the bend.
Though you're tired an' weary still journey on
Till you come to your happy abode
Where all you love and are dreaming of
Will be there at the end of the road.

Just keep right on to the end of the road
Keep right on to the end
Though the way be long let your heart be strong
Keep right on from the bend
Though your tired an weary still journey on
Till you come to your happy abode
Where all you love and are dreaming of
Will be there at the end of the road.

****

THE QUARTERMASTER SONG

There were rats, rats, big as alley cats
In the stores, in the stores,
There were rats, rats, big as alley cats
In the quartermaster stores.

****

Chorus.
My eyes are dim I cannot see
I have not brought my specs with me
I have not brought my specs with me.

***

There were sockx, socks, dirty black socks (etc)

There is beer, beer, beer you can't get near (etc)

THE SONGS OF BANGLESTIEN'S

This song is a favourite Canadian one and is sung to the tune of Lili Marlene. The term "L.O.B." means Left Out of Battle. Generally speaking a certain number of troops are left out of battle in a rest area so that they will be available as experienced men in the event that a unit runs into a very rough show.

The L.O.B. Song

When through the mud you drag your weary feet
Underneath your tunic your heart may cease to beat
No matter what becomes of thee
I'll always smile and think with glee
That I am L.O.B., that I am L.O.B.

When you hear the spatter of Schmeissers in the night
Then is when you wonder if your cause is right
No matter how afraid you are
I'll be at Banglestien's Bar
For I am L.O.B., for I am L.O.B.

When you hear the mortars moaning loud and clear
Shaking up your insides and landing mighty near
Then is the time I have no fear
As I drink your NAAFI beer
When I am L.O.B., When I am L.O.B.

When you meet the Chinese up across the Han
Then is when I smile and wish you luck old man
When you go into that attack
Just think of me, I'm ten miles back
When I am L.O.B., when I am L.O.B.

* *

CIGARETTES AND WHISKEY

Once I was happy and had a good wife
I had enough money to last me for life
I met with a girl and we went on a spree
She started me smoking and drinking whiskey

CHO. Cigarettes and whiskey and wild, wild women
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Cigarettes and whiskey and wild wild women
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

Cigarettes are the curse of the whole human race
A man is a monkey with one in his face
Now this is my story, now hear me dear brother
A fire on one end and a fool on the other

Chorus

Now I am feeble and broken with age
The lines on my face make a well written page
I'm telling this old world how sad but how true
Of women and whiskey and what they can do.

Chorus

There on the cross at the head of my grave
For women and whiskey here lies a poor slave
Take warning dear starnger, take warning dear friend
And write in big letters these words at the end

Chorus

THE SONGS OF BANGLESTIEN'S

WHEN collective voices tire or weaken it's always handy to have a member of the gathering who can step into the breach and roll of a poem or other recitation. Among the all-time favourites with soldiers everywhere are the works of Rudyard Kipling. They stand alone and lucky is the man that knows them. One of his finest of course is

GUNGA DIN

1. The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before
An' rather less than 'arf o'
that be'ind,
For a twisty piece o' rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e
could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train
lay
In a sidin' through the day
Where the 'eat would make your
bloomin' eyeballs crawl
We shouted "Harry By!"
Till our throats were bricky-dry
Then we wopped 'im coz 'e couldn't
serve us all.

It was "Din!Din!Din!
You 'eathen,where the mischief
'ave you been?
You put some juldee in it
Or I'll marrow you this
minute,
If you don't fill up my
helmet,Gunga Din!"

2. 'E would dot and carry one
Till the longest day was done;
An' 'e didn't seem to know the
use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut
You could bet your bloomin' nut
'E'd be waiting fifty paces
right flank rear.
'E would skip with our attack
With 'is Mussik on 'is back
An' watch us till the bugles
made"retire",
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white,clear white inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded
under fire!

It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin'
dust spots on the green
When the cartridges ran out
You could hear the front
files shout
"Hi! Ammunition-mules an'
Gunga Din!"

3. I shan't forget the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt plate
shoulda been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin' gruntin'
Gunga Din.
'E lifted up me 'ead
An' 'e plugged me where I bled
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o'
water - green:
It was crawlin' an' it stunk
But of all the drinks I've drunk
I'm gratefullest to one from
Gunga Din.

It was Din! Din! Din!"
'Ere's a begger with a bullet
through 'is spleen;
'E's chawin' up the ground,
An' 'e's kickin' all around;
For Gawd's sake get the water
Gunga Din!"

4. 'E carried me away.......
To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled
the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died:
" 'ope you like your drink," says
Gunga Din.
So I'll meet him later on
At the place where 'e is gone-
Where it's always double drill
an' no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drinks to pore dammed souls,
An' I'll get a swig in Hell from
Gunga Din!

Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather
Gunga Din!
Though I've belted you an'
flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that
made you,
You're a better man than I am
Gunga Din!

NOTIFIED IN HEAVENLY COMMAND ORDERS

Apr 4/3
11666 /1
SECURITY.

ADVANCE COPY

SPIRITUAL AID DETACHMENT TYPE 'A' RA CH D.

(This establishment is designed to deal with 200 sinners a day)

WAT ESTABLISHMENT.

Detail.	Offrs.	W.O.	Sgts	R&F
Chief Priest	1			
Samaritans		1		3
Artisans(inc. 1sgt. 1 Cpl. 1 L/Cpl			1	12
	1	1	1	15

Details by Trades

Interpreters, writing, wall.	1
Rivetters, soul.	1
Fitters, wing.	1
Fitters, halo.	1
Acolytes	1
Shepherds	1
Whiteners, sepulchre	1
Galvanisers, activity.	1
Virgins, foolish	2
'Virgins, wise.	2

Attached personnel - Mobile Unit	
Watermen	2
Holders, infant.	1 (1 extra for each pr twins)
Godfathers	1
Godmothers, fairy.	1
Relations, lachrymatory.	As required
Sanitary dutymen	1
Bibers, wine, friends of.	2

Transport

Hearse, one seater	2 (1 spare)
Chariots, fiery	1
Clouds, ascending	1
Lorry.2-ton 6 whld uplifting	1
Arks, collapsible	1
Arks, rainproof.	1
Asses, Baalam pattern 4 legged	1 (for emergency use)

Provisional War Equipment Table for S.A.D. Type '"A"'

Pearls, castable	Gross	1	
Pearls, Grade 1	"	1	
Swine, pearls devouring,		1	
Paths straight	Yards	10	
Paths narrow.	"	10,000	(In liew of Paths, primrose.)
Ladders, scaling	Lengths	as required.	
Boxes, manna		1	
Gauges, depth, sin.		7	
Panoplies.		22	
Haloes.		22	
Crooks, shepherds.		1	
Haloes, net camouflage		22	
Lamps, virgin wise. full		2	
Lamps, virgin foolish, empty		2	
Vices, assorted.		7	
Chains retaining, body and soul.		364	
Chains retaining body and soul tools detaching		5	
Bottles, wine, old (for wine new)		3	

Provisional War Equipment Table for S.A.D. Type 'A' con't.

Harps, harping GS
Gates, pearly left; 200
Gates, pearly, right 1
Locators, water, rods 1
Wall, collapsible, Jericho pattern, 2
Dividers, sea rod. 1
Cymbals loud. 1
Cymbal swell tuned. 1
Baskets rush, infants. 1
Rivets, wire, $\frac{1}{2}$" 1
Bushes, bull 47
Trumpets, archangel, brazen. 5
Slings, David pattern. 1
Arrows. 1
Jawbones, ass. Gross 1
Pair 1

Provisional AFL 1398 Table.

Articles 1-39
Commandments, assorted. sets. 1
Pens, recorder, gold sets of ten. 1
Glasses dark. 1
Signs, directional, upwards 1
Signs, directional, downwards, (asbestos) 10
Chisels, tables, inscribing 243
Chisels, tables inscribing, mallets 2
Tracts, uplifts 2
Charts, celestial. 5
208

RCASC Supply

Loaves (or stones in liew)
Fishes, small 5
Wine, new (for bottles, old) " 3
~~Oil, wise.~~ nil
Branches, olive gals 1
Locusts, dried. 2 UN Forces Only
Honey, wild. Gross 1
Cake, ages, rock of. lbs 10
Seed, garden, Abraham tested 7
28

AMENDMENT NO.1 War Equipment Table S.A.D. Type 'A'

ADD-: Cruses, widow
Beds, collapsible, paralytics, for the use of 1
Rods, comforters 1
Staff, comforters 1
Light, kindly leading. 1
Cocks, crowing Mk.111 1
1

RCASC Supply

ADD-: Bread, seaworthy, expendable.
Loaves, expendable.

DETAIL BY TRADES

After 'virgins, foolish' INSERT May be CWAC, Choirboys of high med, cat. may also be issued in lieu.
After 'virgins wise' INSERT 'Not required in Field Force Units'

"PUSAN U"

(Tune of Sioux City Sue)

1.

I marched a troop of soldiers
Down old Pusan Way
They were "Bang Bang's Raiders
From China near the bay.
I met a gal who was so true
She hailed from old Chinju
I asked her what her school was
She said "O Pusan U"

2.

I enrolled in that great college
Founded by Kim Pak Su
It was built from honeybuckets
So they named it "Pusan U"
My girl was glad and I was mad
But fortune saw me through
So now I lift this glass to
The school of "Pusan U".

3.

We have an A-1 baseball team
We win our games straight through
They asked us where we came from
We say "O Pusan U"
We have a pitcher who is tops
Our batters are good too
And everytime we come to bat
The crowd yells "Pusan U"

4.

I saw a girl so beautiful
She was a sight to view
She won the Beauty contest
And was crowned "Miss Pusan U"
They spotted her in Hollywood
Now she's a star there too
When asked to what she owes
her fame
She says, "O Pusan U".

Chorus

Verses 1 & 3

O Pusan U, O Pusan U
The finest school in all the land
The University that's grand
O Pusan U, O Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
"To you, O Pusan U"

Verses 2 & 4

O Pusan U O Pusan U
Your course is good for engineers,
A frames, and oxcart pulled
by steers,
O Pusan U O Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
"To you O Pusan U"

THE PARTY SONG

(Tune of Whiffenpoof)

From the fleshpots and the Saki
From the whiskey that's so cheap
From the stench of honeybuckets
row on row
Sings the Veteran's Party gathered
With their glasses raised on high
And their bitching can be heard in
Tokyo.
Yea the mighty veteran's Party
On its way to God knows where
But its rumoured that the roads
are dusty there.
But with respirator, Bailey Bridge
and portable latrine
And somewhere is a loaded Coke
machine.

Chorus

We are poor little lambs who
have lost our way,
Baa, baa, baa,
We are little black sheep who
have gone astray
Baa, baa, baa.
Veteran's Party off to Korea
We will be back by the end
of the year
And if we ain't we'll die of
diarrhea
Baa, baa, baa!